embroideries and enamels of a poet's dream, in a country with a history and a wisdom hoarier even than that of Hindustan, but a race of men in their decadence with the morals of monkeys, there at the other side of the world, where the world seems turned upside down, where right is wrong and wrong is right, he had tossed away health and strength and fortune in the giddy swing of a centre of the most senseless society on earth.

> It had much of glamour might;
> Could make a ladye seem a knight;
> The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
> Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
> A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
> A sheeling seem a palace large,
> And youth seem age, and age seem youth:
> All was delusion, nought was truth.

Later our ways had crossed, too late to save.

In Bombay, the most alluring of all cities, where the water of the ocean's loveliest bay laps against the garden walls, where the rooks caw overhead in the banyans, and the yellow lights in the Yacht Club gleam as from a giant Chinese toy, there in the fateful city, the keystone of an empire, our ways had met a moment, to recognise and part.

 Once